

FROM THE HOME OF MR. LINCOLN.

ELECTION DAY AT SPRINGFIELD.

From Our Special Correspondent.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Tuesday, Nov. 6, 1860.

Until to-day, the day of election, the political excitement has not been so great in this city as might have been supposed, in view of the residence here of the most prominent of the Presidential candidates. During last week, and even so late as yesterday, the preparations for this day's work were carried on with a quiet and systematic regularity, rather than with the unbounded extravagance of late displayed further East. But, yesterday afternoon and evening, indications of a warmer and more eager feeling appeared. In the State-House square, in the Post-Office, and upon the corners of the streets, there were many busy little gatherings of anxious debaters, all looking forward with hopes more or less ardent to the impending local contest—for the question as to all results beyond the immediate precincts was put by as sufficiently well settled. It was at the Post-Office, too, the evening before election, that I caught my first accidental glimpse of Mr. Lincoln. He was standing alone before his box, "in high somewhat less than a steeple" (as the Republican Glee-Clubs sing it out here), waiting for the distribution of the mail. His rather remarkable elevation above the rest of his fellow-citizens was, indeed, the only evidence just then of his identity, for it was too dark to distinguish features, and he took no part in the numerous discussions near at hand. Upon the assortment of the mail he fell to work very vigorously at an enormous mass of letters, newspapers, and documents of doubtful value—powerful applications, perhaps—a quantity almost too great for one man to carry away, to say nothing of reading afterward. The energy and perseverance with which Mr. Lincoln gave himself up to the task of transferring this huge pile of communications from their official repository to his own arms, was admirable to witness. Some friends approached and asked him, "how he could stand the pressure," to which he answered that he should endeavor to sustain himself until Tuesday night, at least. There was then in the way of light conversation, a little curiosity expressed as to his vote on the following day, which Mr. Lincoln promptly gratified, by declaring, without reserve, that he should vote for Yates (the Republican candidate for Governor of Illinois). This did not seem to satisfy the questioner, who explained that he was more particularly curious to know how Mr. Lincoln would vote on the Presidential question. "How vote?" said Mr. Lincoln, "well, undoubtedly like an Ohio elector of which I will tell you—by ballot;" after which, he related some anecdote, and walked away, bearing up bravely under his heavy accumulation of correspondence, and leaving his hearers all laughing.

But to-day tranquility forsook Springfield. Sunrise was announced by discharge of cannon, which were continued until the morning was well on its way. Then the out-door tumult was supplied by bands of music, which, in wagons, were drawn about the city to stir whatever sluggish spirits there might be among the populace, and waken all slumbering resolutions. The voices of men, assembling at the polls, were also heard in good-natured clamor. The voting began early, and for a while appeared all to the advantage of the Republicans; but the influence of the imported "residents," of whom great numbers were on hand, was presently shown. In order to maintain their majority in the State Legislature, and thus to secure the election of an Opposition Senator in place of Trumbull, the Democrats had given especial attention to such counties as they considered it possible, by any expedients, for them to carry. Sangamon County is one of these, and here, accordingly, their efforts were in a degree concentrated. The easy condition of qualification as a voter in any county—provided the required year's residence in the State is assured—naturally produced a sudden and disagreeable, though not unexpected amplification of the ordinary population. But still, although there was probably not the best feeling on either side, the election progressed with as little turbulence as ever elections are troubled with.

During the greater part of the day Mr. Lincoln remained in the Governor's room, at the State-House—which he has occupied for the past few months—quietly overlooking the outside proceedings at the Court House, which stands just opposite to his window, and receiving and entertaining such visitors as called upon him. These were both numerous and various—representing, perhaps, as many tempers and as many nationalities as could easily be brought together at the West. He was seated most of the time—rising only now and then at the entrance of some new visiting delegation—in an arm chair of liberal proportions, in which he seemed exceedingly composed and comfortable, but which he hardly appeared to fill to anything like repletion. Nobody expects to find Mr. Lincoln a portly man, but at first sight his slenderest strikes one as even beyond what had been expected. His great height (extending, he jokingly call it here) adds to this effect. It is in more ways than one that he stands far above the rest of the people round about. On the whole, until he is more familiarly seen, it is not the exterior of Mr. Lincoln that attracts; but, instead, his winning manner, his ready good humor, and his unaffected kindness and gentleness toward all who approach him. His affability appears to have no limit as to persons. All share it. Next to this, his most marked characteristic is the steady earnestness with which he considers and reviews all subjects that are brought before him. His attention and his animation are the same, whatever may be the immediate topic. In conversation he always leads, not from any endeavor of his own, but because the right is at once and naturally yielded to him by all listeners. He must be a clever talker who would keep even with him. His manner in speaking is somewhat different from what his appearance would suggest, for while his movements and gestures are quick, and the play of his features is always lively, his utterance is peculiarly measured and emphatic. His bearing altogether is very striking. The cultivation of personal graces has probably no charms for him, but the graces of his nature are such as never need elaboration. There is something beyond all art in the frank and honest sunshine of his countenance. It is full of fine expression. Mr. Lincoln's age, I believe, is fifty-one, but he certainly has no appearance of being so old. His hair is black, hardly touched with gray, and his eye is brighter than that of many of his juniors.

Among his callers in the morning were some rough-jacketed constituents who, having voted for him, and expressed a wish to look at their man, came in timidly, were kindly received, and, after a dumb sitting of a quarter of an hour, went away, thoroughly satisfied in every manner. There were two or three strangers from New-York, of whom Mr. Lincoln thought they ought better to be at home voting. In many cases it seemed as if he

would be quite justified in letting out symptoms of being bored, but these never escaped him. On the contrary, he was ever ready to meet the fancies of his guests, in whatever direction they might lead him. Somebody signified deep interest in the subject of rail-splitting, and sought explanations, which Mr. Lincoln gave with great minuteness and simplicity, and quite as earnestly as a minute before, he had discussed the attitude of the State of New-York, showing how the operation was performed "in his time," and contrasting it with the more modern method of dividing logs, which he admitted to be an improvement.

Since every Republican vote in the county was needed, as likely to affect the result in the State Legislature, Mr. Lincoln had determined not to withhold his, but had intended to wait until toward evening, before going to the polls, in order to avoid, as much as possible, encountering a crowd. At about 3 o'clock, however, he was informed that the way was as clear as it probably would be at any time, and he decided to go over at once. He started, just a moment after receiving a cheering dispatch from Simeon Draper of New-York, accompanied by a number of his more intimate friends. After he had gone a little way, an old gentleman who was with him intimated that he would, after all, prefer to remain in the Governor's room, and look out upon the scene from the window. So Mr. Lincoln went back with him, put him in a favorable position for seeing all that was to pass, and then started out again.

On his way across to the Court-House, Mr. Lincoln was not observed; but as soon as he stood upon the sidewalk, and advanced to the steps, he was recognized, and welcomed with such a cheer as no man ever received who has not the hearts as well as the voices of his people. Every vestige of party feeling seemed to be suddenly abandoned. Even the distributors of the Douglas tickets shouted and swung their hats as wildly as the rest. Mr. Lincoln walked leisurely through the hall and up the stairs, followed by as many of the multitude as could get near him, and, on entering the voting-room, was hailed with a burst of enthusiasm which almost extinguished the remembrance of that which he had just received below. There, too, there was no sign of political feeling. I saw a spry old party, with his hand full of Democratic documents, forget his special function so far as to prance upon a railing, and to take the lead in an infinite series of Lincoln cheers. The object of all this irrepressible delight took it so calmly as he could, and, urging his way to the voting table, deposited the straight Republican ticket, with only the omission of his own name from the heading of the honorable list, which he himself removed. After thus serving his friends, and leaving his own name to look out for itself without any help from him, he turned toward the door again, and endeavored to pass out. It would have seemed impossible for greater enthusiasm to be now shown than was before displayed, but the crowd certainly tried their best at it. Then Mr. Lincoln took off his hat and smiled all around upon them; and when he smiles heartily there is something in it good to see. So his neighbors thought, too, for a number came about him to shake him by the hand and have a few words with him as he moved along. But this was soon over, and he was suffered to return to his more quiet quarters at the State-House, from which—so quickly it had all passed—he had not probably been absent more than five minutes. And, after getting back, he turned to the entertainment of his visitors as unmercifully as if he had not just received a demonstration which anybody might well take a little time to think of and be proud over.

The afternoon went on uneventfully, and at evening, when the polls closed, there was still doubt as to the result in this particular neighborhood. As I close, late in the evening, this uncertainty is not removed, although it now seems to be taken for granted that the Republicans have not suffered. The city is resting and preparing for public demonstrations to-morrow, and Mr. Lincoln, almost alone, is sitting snugly in the telegraph office, where Mr. Wilson, model of telegraph superintendents, has provided for his speedy receipt of all news that shall arrive.

FROM BOSTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1860.

The vote of Tuesday in Massachusetts shows a more complete ascendancy of Republican principles and the Republican party than that of any previous year. Mr. Lincoln's vote comes up closer to Col. Fremont's than any one anticipated, and his majority over all others will be nearly as large as Fremont's. The vote for Douglas and Breckinridge will exceed by about 1,500 the vote for Buchanan; the vote for Bell is about 3,000 larger than Fillmore's vote, and Lincoln's vote is something like 2,000 less than Fremont's. The whole vote thus far reported is 162,225, and one or two small towns are to come in. It will not vary 500 from the estimate which I sent to THE TRIBUNE some weeks ago, viz: 170,000. In the Boston Districts and the Worcester District, the vote is considerably larger than in 1856, and if a full vote had been drawn out in the State, our majority would have been much increased. We have given the Opposition another illustration of the foolishness of basing their hopes upon the "foolish vote." In the large county of 1853, the Republican vote was reduced to 55,000; now Lincoln has at least 48,000 more than that number. A reserve of 48,000 will be sufficient to win all the battles we shall have to fight for a good many years to come. Mr. Andrew's vote is the largest ever cast for a Governor of Massachusetts. It is over 103,000. This is 11,000 more than Gardner received in 1856, about 35,000 more than the highest vote ever cast for Gov. Banks, and 45,000 more than Gov. Banks received last year. Mr. Dawes, or any other man, would have received about the same number, but I think no man could have exceeded it. It is agreeable to know that the prophecies of the croakers have been signally disappointed. No candidate for Governor of the State has ever been so dependent upon his own popularity and resources as Mr. Andrew, and none ever had more splendid and successful "run." Those who supported him so enthusiastically in the State Convention have the greatest reason to be satisfied with the result.

The Senate is Republican, 38 to 2, and the House, 226 to 14. Two ex-members of Congress, George T. Davis of Greenfield, and Wm. B. Calhoun of Springfield, are among the members elected to the House. Alexander H. Bullock of Worcester has perhaps a higher reputation for ability than any other member. Lowell has re-elected Speaker Goodwin. Mr. Phelps, late President of the Senate, who has been a member of one branch or the other for the last six years, retires. The House will also miss Charles Hale of THE ADVERTISER, who has been elected five successive times. Mr. Lunt of THE COURIER, I regret to say, is defeated by 10 majority. His successful competitor being Samuel M. Quincy, who is a grandson, I believe, of Josiah Quincy. A Bailey of THE HERALD tried his luck in Ward No. 1, but was beaten. B. P. Shillaber was also defeated in Chelsea. Charles O. Rogers of THE JOURNAL is chosen to the Senate. The people of Ward VI. had an opportunity to vote for two men of li-

toric fame, viz: Peter Harvey, the friend of Mr. Webster, and William Haydon of the old *Atlas*. They were, however, so neglected of the high privilege that two other men, as worthy if not as grave and venerable, slipped in by 200 majority. If we could have next witnessed the presence at the State House next winter of George Lunt, Peter Harvey, and William Haydon, we should have been tolerably safe from radicalism and infractions of the Constitution.

The Bellevue party is, of course, used up and dead. It has cast 22,000 votes, or about 3,000 more than it cast for Fillmore four years ago. It was established, and has been kept running solely for the purpose of defeating Mr. Burlingame and Mr. Rice, and its projectors and engineers, including Mr. George T. Curtis, Mr. J. T. Stevenson, Mr. G. S. Hillard, Mr. Geo. Lunt, Mr. Albert Fearing, and Mr. Levere, of Boston, must have known from the beginning, and to the end, that they were guilty of an enormous cheat, and imposture, and falsehood, when, in order to raise money and votes, they pretended that they should give Bell 40,000, 50,000, and 60,000 votes. No men of ordinary intelligence could have been so ignorant of the politics of the State as to justify them in such predictions. The uncharitable supposition that these men are fools, and not knaves, I reject entirely. They are the confidence men, blacklegs and swindlers of our politics, and no more worthy of the companionship of respectable men, than the "sporting men" of Sudbury street.

The defeat of Anson Burlingame spoiled all our fun for Tuesday night. The grant seemed every-where else throughout the country very partial compensation for this loss. Not that Mr. Burlingame is more popular than all other men, but he had for four years been the mark for the slander and vituperation and sneers of the subocracy of the city, and it was extremely painful to see him broken down by such a set of men. Various causes may be assigned for his defeat; but among the chief of these was an organized system of calumny of Mr. Burlingame's private character. An honorable merchant, and not only honorable but pious, and not only pious but rich, retailed these slanders from house to house, and also exerted his official influence as President of a philanthropic association to intimidate the salaried clergyman of the church, from voting for Mr. B. in the habit of getting intoxicated, a charge easily substantiated in true by some one of the hundreds of thousands of persons who have heard him speak or met with him in political circles for a year past, but notoriously as untrue of him as of any other public man of our time. I have known Mr. Burlingame pretty intimately for twelve years, and I never knew a man (unless a thorough abstainer from liquor, like Gen. Wilson), against whom this charge of intemperance might not be as fairly and truthfully made. Another charge is that Mr. B. is the companion of gamblers and blacklegs and sporting men. A portion of this class of men have been among Mr. Burlingame's supporters, because his popularity and luck made him a good man to bet on. This has, perhaps, thrown him into bad company on some occasions, and possibly he is to be blamed for not repelling their society and discouraging their acquaintance. But the vote of his District shows that he is not by any means the favorite of the dangerous classes of society. I have heard men say that the Appleton procession of Monday night or Saturday night was the wildest exhibition which these classes have ever made in Boston. The drench, wash, and off-scouring of the worst elements of society were there, hurrahing for the man whose partisans were at the same time clamoring the vote of Beacon Hill and Cambridge, on the ground of his superior merit.

The *St. Louis Daily Advertiser* of yesterday had an ungracious and untimely article upon Mr. Burlingame's defeat, which it attributes chiefly to his neglect of his constituents. It says that "enough" voters in the Fifth District to have turned the "scale in his favor," experienced at Mr. Burlingame's "hands some neglect of attention, due either to themselves or to personal friends within their knowledge, in the way of public service at Washington. Nobody ever applied to Mr. Rice in 'vain,' &c., &c. Now, it may be true that Mr. Burlingame neglected his correspondence and his constituents, and it may be true that he lost votes thereby; but there is no fairness in selecting from among the causes of his ill-success, one which is so disparaging to him, and one, which has comparatively little to do with it. I have no idea that twenty men in the District voted against Mr. Burlingame for this reason, though they may have seized upon some real or pretended courtesy as a pretext for opposing him. But *The Advertiser* means something more than it says. It means that the merchants and "respectable" people, so called, did not regard Mr. Burlingame as a fit man to represent a mercantile city, and by its parallel between Burlingame and Rice, it means that the whole of the class of men who are the most virulent hatred, because he was what is called an "Abolitionist." I believe he always voted as our other members voted, but he never took pains to be classed as a "conservative," or to flatter the Boston merchants by pretending to be the especial champion of capital rather than labor. I have reason to believe that his great offense, next to a consistent adherence to Anti-Slavery principles, was a spirit of insubordination toward the claims of the rich and ignorant classes, the "H. S. & T." party of this region. He may have gone to the other extreme, and flattered the other dangerous element of society; but if he did, his constituents will forgive him sooner than forgive any treachery or indifference to the demands of the Anti-Slavery spirit of the age.

Mr. Rice made an extraordinary run, and showed popular qualities which will be apt to make him a prominent man in our politics for a good while. Mr. Levere of Salem, who was promised Mr. Adams's place in Congress, and who was elected superior in some, finds himself beaten by about 3,000. It was said that he made friends with every man he shook hands with, so we may infer that he did not begin to shake quite soon enough.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

THE RESULT—CROAKING OVER STOCKS AND MONEY—BYERLY IN PRISON—AN IRRUPTION OF QUAKERS—EMIGRANT TRAVEL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8, 1860.

Almost every Republican prediction as to the result in Pennsylvania seems to have been realized to the letter. Yet people are now astounded at the overwhelming magnitude of the vote for Lincoln, which throws even that for Jackson far in the background. But the truth is not to be disguised that even life-long Democrats made no secret of their determination to rebuke the insolent pretensions of those who declared that the Government should be broken up unless they could always make the laws. Not content with having Lincoln elected, they chose that he should be sustained by a majority that should be emphatic, and they have done it. Multitudes of nominal Bell men did the same, quietly, however, notwithstanding that Bell flags floated in front of their

stores, or Bell portraits were plenty on the walls of their counting-rooms. Nothing short of so general a conversion could have so effectually redeemed Pennsylvania from the dominion of the Cotton Democracy. The party is now dumb with confusion. The first midnight returns of Tuesday depopulated their numerous headquarters, and sent them howling to their homes. Their lights were speedily extinguished, their groceries were closed, and rowdies slunk early to their dens. No bells were rung rejoicingly—they kindled no bonfires as of yore, but, under the panic of a crushing overthrow, gave up the streets to Wide-Awake processions that made the night luminous till daybreak. After the hurricane has come a universal and grateful calm.

But there be timid souls among us who shudder at the consequences of this long-contested and confessedly complete revolution. They fear that the Southern Democracy, so long accustomed to go down with the plantation lash, will resent being driven from power by kicking out of the traces. There are those, too, who are crying to an end. The first are holders of stocks, the last have some kind of "goods" in the old doughface heaven intensified by the political crisis. Not that the Marplots are more numerous than afloat, but that they are more chronically croakers than ever. All this, stimulated by base presses here and elsewhere, has had its influence on the monetary pulses. As to merchandise, this city has had its full share of business up to the day of election, and is doing now its full seasonal work. Factories and foundries are not stopped, nor are laboring men idle. Our streets are thronged by people who cannot all be walking for recreation. This year will see 2,800 new houses built in Philadelphia, many of which are elegant dwellings, able to accommodate 20,000 people. All our railroads are doing better than for the last three years. The freight over the Pennsylvania Central is now monstrous beyond all former experience—4,000 tons passing East over it in a single week. Coal never before came out of our mines in such enormous quantities, yet the business pays better than for years past. Somebody must be making money—we cannot all be going to pot. No grass shows itself in our streets as predicted, nor are our wharves deserted. This week eighteen of our banks distributed near half a million in dividends, none declaring less than three per cent, and ten of them declaring four and five. Cotton comes as promptly from the South as it is called for by consumers, and our home trade is doing as well as ever. The ship-builders have more work under way than at any time since 1857. All these interests are comparatively new to the city. Croaking cannot do it. But it is at the Stock Board that stagnation reigns. There, and in monetary circles, there is a pause. Stocks do not sell because there are no buyers. Some of our quiet operators have been cleaned out by the panic which Mr. Cobb so wickedly fomented. They held large lines in your stocks, and the decline having eaten up their ample margins they have been stripped bare. Their names being generally unknown, they quietly retire from the ring. Money, too, though notoriously plenty with us, is very tight, and hard to be got. Paper that sold a week ago at 6 per cent, is now refused at 3. Even on call it is difficult to be had—in short, those who have the money do not choose to part with it at present. The croakers have evidently staggered their confidence in the future. On the other hand the vast mass of citizens are confident and defiant. Having done no wrong, they will suffer none to be done to them. The crisis so long impending having been averted, and having reached us at last, we are now thoroughly prepared for it. What else can be the meaning of 75,000 majority for Lincoln?

Byerly has been sentenced to two and a half years in the County Prison, and \$300 fine, for making a false return by which Butler received his certificate of election to Congress in place of Lehman. This righteous sentence will go far to break up some of the frauds which have been so long practiced by the ruling Democracy of Moyamensing. In that district they have had full swing, and governed it by an organization of rowdies who terrified Whigs and Republicans alike with reason. When matters failed elsewhere, Byerly's district was relied upon to supply the deficiency. Cheating became chronic. But on this occasion the cheat was a strange one. Byerly and Lehman are both Democrats, the former for Breckinridge, the latter for Douglas. Yet Byerly cheated his confederate out of Congress, and so far as the certificate goes, cheated Butler, a Republican, in. As Byerly can hardly write his own name, there are concealed parties who must have done the forging while Byerly did the substituting. Efforts are being made to drive Butler from his position of requiring the ballots to be re-counted. This done, and he shown to be defeated, he gives way at once. If one fraud only be shown, the whole system of cheating will be broken up. It is said, moreover, that Gov. Facker will not grant him the certificate of election, but will be governed by the verdict against Byerly. But then Gov. Curtin can grant the certificate, and then the ballot-boxes will be taken to Washington and there overhauled. Mr. Butler repudiates litigation, and asks only for fair play all round.

One of the results of Carolina law against colored men is now very conspicuous here. In 1852, South Carolina forbade negro emancipation. In August last, more hostile laws were enacted against the free colored race, stimulated by John Brown's inroad, and the subsequent symptoms of an ultimate Republican President. Each free negro was required to have a guardian, to whom he was assessed a slave. He must also wear a copper badge bearing his number. If found without a guardian, he was sold, publicly as a slave; if he neglected to procure the degrading badge, he was fined \$20, and if caught without it, he was fined and imprisoned. If the guardian proved to be a dishonest man, he could sell him into perpetual slavery, after which, his property was liable to seizure. The law not only regarded him as a slave, but actually made him so. Its object must have been to reduce him to slavery, or to drive him out of the State. The latter result has been accomplished, for hundreds of free blacks have been leaving for the North, and it is probable that all who can raise the means to come this way, will follow their example. It is said that 200 have left Charleston within three months. Many of these emigrants, from an inhuman disposition, have reached New-York, and some 200 have recently landed in Philadelphia, where their light complexions and sober behavior have attracted much attention. Among these are carpenters, masons, shoemakers, tailors, &c., and among the females are milliners, mantua-makers, nurses, &c. Many bring certificates of character and qualification. All have been suddenly driven out of employments by which they gained a living, and are now seeking under great disadvantages, to begin life anew. Many had acquired real estate and other property, but in the haste to get away were compelled to sell at great loss, while of what they leave behind unsold, they fully expect to be lost. Some leave their fathers behind them—an old mother, a decrepit father—whom they are unable to bring away. Some have brought with them their copper badges, which read thus:

CHARLESTON,
1850.
SERVANT,
1,243.

This compulsory exodus reminds us of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or the expulsion of the Jews from their European homes. As all enlightened Christianity condemns enormities, so this barbarous action of South Carolina is denounced by the civilized world.

There is a strong and steady stream of emigration for the West passing over the Pennsylvania Central, averaging near 100 daily. It has been flowing in that direction for months past. Many of these Irish, but the great bulk are Germans. Their appearance and conversation show that they are a better class than those who came in former times. The Germans are all farmers or mechanics, the Irish more laborers. The former have good clothing, abundant baggage, and are well provided with money. Conversing with a group of these, I learned that the prospect of a Homestead law by Congress is well known throughout Germany, and that should it ever be enacted, the rush from Europe will probably amount to millions.

LITERARY.

—It is officially announced, that on the first of next December, Mr. Dickens will commence in the pages of "All the Year Round," a new serial story, to be entitled "Great Expectations." It will be a work of considerable length, occupying in its weekly progress, a period of eight months. Mr. Thackeray's new story will not appear till after Christmas is turned. Nothing is known about it, except a rumor that some of the scenes will be laid in Holland.

—Overlooking the immediate political agitation consequent on the election, the chief publishing houses are putting forth long lists of announcements; but as this is chiefly done by copying the title of every new book spoken of in the English literary periodicals, with the simple addition of "in press" at the top or bottom of the list—they do not offer much material for comment. One house, a few days since, thus announces fifty-five separate works, of which, in the ordinary course of its business, some half dozen may actually be brought out. It would seem that the only purpose of these wholesale announcements—is most cases not intended to be fulfilled, is to establish a pre-emptory right to the works according to the present imperfectly understood system of trade courtesy, or else to show to hollowness and unreality, by a proclamation of the simple "right of the strongest."

—Though they are late in making their appearance, several illustrated English books may be expected about the Holiday season. "Poets Wit and Humor," selected by W. H. Wiles, and illustrated with more than one hundred engravings, from drawings by Charles Bennett and George H. Thomas, published in London by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, will make its appearance in New-York with the imprint of Messrs. Appleton & Co., by whom a portion of the edition has been secured. The London house also issues "The Promises of Jesus Christ," illustrated by Albert H. Warren, and dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess Alice, in one elegant quarto volume, and "Shakespeare's Tempest," in crown quarto, illustrated by a combination of English and foreign art, as the designers' names include Birket Foster, Gustave Doré, Frederic Skell, and Gaston Jaquet. If brought out in time, these will both appear in New-York.

—Messrs. Rodd and Carleton have in press and will shortly issue Signor Ruffini's new work, "Lavinia." It is a story of stirring interest, the scene of course lying in Italy, and displaying that singular power over the English language so rarely acquired by a foreigner, which gives a peculiar charm to his other writings, "Dr. Antonio," and "Lorenzo Benoni." Very handsome editions of them are published by Messrs. R. & C., and the new work of the author will be brought out in uniform style. Signor Ruffini's fame as a writer of fiction is so well established in this country, that the price paid merely for the privilege of printing from early sheets of the English copy would have been called a very respectable copyright for a work of the same character, only a few years since.

—The strong taste for books relating to old English literature, now prevailing in the United States, has been often mentioned. An instance in the last number of "The North American Review," shows that our scholars know how to use the treasures they may acquire. Any one acquainted with the voluminous editions of Milton, or the ponderous researches of Prof. Masson, would suppose that no further elucidations of the Poet's sources and course of study could be made; but an article in the above-mentioned periodical brings forward, from a neglected old book, more remarkable instances of similitude and actual resemblance, both in the structure of the poem and in particular instances between Paradise Lost and a forgotten prototype, than all the previous labors of his editors from Bishop Newton down to Mr. Keightley. The book in question is a poem called "The Glasse of Time in the First and Second Age," divinely handled by Thomas Peyton, and published in London in 1620, when Milton was 12 years old. The author (of whom nothing is known but the fact of his being of "Gray's Inn"), has been led by his subject to the Creation, the Fall, &c., and it is scarcely possible that Milton can have avoided seeing and profiting by his work. The book is known to bibliographers (Mr. Heber's copy sold for £23), but none of them seem to have looked beyond the title, and as it never fell in the way of Sir Egerton Brydges, whose taste would have discerned and appreciated its value, it has remained for an American student to make it known.

—The last volume of the new edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"—the twenty-first of the eighth edition—is on the eve of publication, and will worthily complete the undertaking. The chief articles are Mr. Byerly's "Washington," which our reading public have already had access to; "Wellington," from the graphic pen of W. H. Russell; "Voltaire," by Henry Rogers; "Theatre," by Dr. Doran; "Telescope," by Sir J. E. W. Herschel; "Voltaic Electricity," by Sir David Brewster; "United States," by Prof. Samuel Eliot of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.; "Taxation and Wages," by J. R. McCulloch; "Turner," by Walter Thornbury, a prelude of his life of the great R. A.; "War," by Maj. Gen. Portlock, &c. Few great enterprises have been so well supported in this country. The number of copies circulated through the American publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., while the work was in progress, is nearly 1,500, and a large accession to the buyers may be counted on when it is complete, as many persons have reasonable objections to commencing the purchase of a work still in progress. As a collection of specific treatises, on special subjects, from the highest authorities, it is impossible to overstate the value of the "Ency. Brit." (as it is called in the Row for shortness)—but, if an easily accessible and well-digested body of miscellaneous information is the ideal of cyclopaedias, it is far from answering to that description.

—The season of library book-sales by auction is commencing early in London. During the coming Winter, in November, Messrs. Christie & Manson, the Fine Art auctioneers, will dispose of the library of Mr. Scarsbrick, a Lancashire squire of great wealth, lately deceased. It is said to be one of the most splendid private collections disposed of since the golden days of the Bibliomaniacs, 30 or 40 years ago; and in the same month Messrs. Puttick & Simpson will sell a very curious collection of books relating to America, picked up in every corner of England by a gentleman, (Mr. E. G. Mason), who has for some years made this a pleasant and profitable employment, though the increasing difficulty of procuring rarities now leads him, according to the catalogue, to "abandon the pursuit." Several other sales are announced; one more adapted to "the trade" than to amateurs, is that of the stock and stereotype plates of Messrs. P. D. Hardy & Sons, the well-known Irish publishers of Dublin; whether on account of failure is not stated. In the Provinces, at Newcastle, is now in progress the sale of a very rich and extensive library, formed during the last sixty years by a distinguished local antiquarian, Thomas Beale, F. S. A., and comprising in its extent of sixteen thousand volumes all that is "rich and rare" in topographical, biographical, and literary illustrations of the Northern counties of England and the Scottish Border, including the best collection of the works of Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver, ever offered for sale; rare series of tracts on the Scotch Rebellion of 1715 and 1745, &c., &c.

—"Temple Bar," a "London Magazine," edited by George Augustus Sala, "selected by an able staff, &c., &c.," is a fixed fact after all the coy denials of the projectors, and "No. 1" is to appear on the First of December, price one shilling. Whether any dissatisfaction in Mr. Thackeray's camp has led to its establishment is not known, but that its position must be one of rivalry to "The Cornhill Magazine" is very clear. If attention is restricted to the indefatigable editor from endeavoring to write about six books at once (as he has lately done), the effect must be good to his overwrought brain, and satisfactory to the public, who would regret the addition of another name to the list of victims of the high pressure system—a fate that most follow such exertions. Ample promise of entertainment is held out. "The Editor" will contribute

a series of sketches and travels which he has undertaken in sundry remote regions, not entirely unknown in English county maps, which will be continued from month to month, and from time to time illustrated by his own pencil. A dramatic romance of "English Life and Manners—and of Love"—is also promised, by an eminent hand; and poetry, science, history and dramatic criticism and intelligence are all to receive special attention.

—The great *Système Masé* (as they would say in France), for the circulation of books, is meeting with very discourteous language in England from authors who say they are suffering from Mr. Masé's power to prescribe any work which does not suit his own tastes. The most damaging point of the attack is the discovery that Mr. Masé is himself a dissenting preacher (his library of half a million volumes not being sufficient to occupy his attention), and consequently ill-fitted toward church literature. The importance given to the topic seems strange at a distance, and is at least a tribute to the business tact and talent involved in the creation of what its opponents characterize as a "gigantic monopoly."

—A work of great interest during the present Italian crisis has just appeared in Paris. It comprises the papers and documents of Daniel Mannin, so arranged by the editor (Madame Planat de la Faye), as to form an exact and minute detail of the History of Venice in the years 1848 and 1849. The materials were brought by the late President of the Venetian Republic with him into exile, and their arrangement owed him to the time of his late decease, too soon for him to witness the reviving fortunes of his much-beloved Italy.

—The concluding portion of Mr. Macknight's "History of the Life and Times of Edmund Barrow" is announced to embrace "The History of the Coalition Ministry; The India Bill; The Impairment of Hastings; The Conduct of Burke with respect to the French Revolution; His Final Retirement at Beaconsfield; His Private Life and Death; with Sketches of his Contemporaries, and an Examination into the Public Events of the Time." It is to be feared that little additional matter has come to light respecting the man, so distinct from the orator and statesman; and that, for want of a Boswell to commemorate the lost forerunner of a Boswell, no modern great man of equal eminence of whom we have so little private information.

TALK WITH PROF. WENTZ.

Correspondence of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

BOSTON, Oct. 3, 1860.

Oct. 1.—Called upon Prof. Wentz. He is a man of middle size, with very finely cut features and a beautifully clear, gray eye. I take him to be about fifty years of age. He has heretofore had places in Siberia and Prussian Poland, whence he was transferred to Bonn. His title here is "Administrator," he "administering" the farm operations. He lives in the building which may be called the "farm house," the lower story of which is the extensive chemical laboratory. This house is upon the street, and is on one side of a court, which is inclosed by the cow-stall, the tool house, and a third, which is now filled with wheat and wherein a thrashing machine is at work.

The first part of the "talk" was devoted to a general explanation of the objects and plan of the Institute, embodied in my last letter, during which he conducted me into the lecture rooms of the large building—upon which, however, nothing special is to be said. A smaller room adjoining is devoted to the purposes of a reading-room, where the various agricultural periodicals of the day lie upon the table, ready for use during the quarters of hours which elapse between the lectures. A plan hung upon the wall became the topic of explanation.

Prof. W.—This is the plan of our economic-botanic garden, divided, as you see, into six grand divisions, these again into beds, and these in turn into small squares. The whole occupies but about 12 morgen (a little more than an acre), and yet I have in it not far from a thousand plants in culture. As the name indicates, it is not a general botanic garden, in which none but learned botanists can find instruction and pleasure, but strictly confined to economic products. The principle is to cultivate in it everything, which in any part of Germany is, should be, or may become an article of culture on a large scale. Hence also many a plant is here introduced for trial and experiment. In many cases a single plant or a few specimens of it would be sufficient for other purposes; but I give every one a trial, upon the entire extent of one of the small squares—and very small, they are, that is true, but sufficient for the purpose—in order that the student, shall see, even though upon a small scale, the mode of culture adapted to it. Of course in this garden, which is a separate inclosure, there is no necessity of introducing any of the plants which are the subjects of our common farming operations. The student, therefore, sees here only such as in general are or may be new to him. The general divisions are:

- I. Grains—Winter and Summer of kinds and species not universal in Germany.
- II. Plants for fodder.
- III. Root crop plants.
- IV. Plants cultivated for manufactures and commerce, subdivided into

- Plants for oil.
- Plants for spinning.
- Plants for manufactures.
- Plants aromatic.
- Plants official (medical).

VI. For the kitchen.

One side of this garden is planted with a large number of different wine grapes.

Visitor.—But how is the student to find in all these small beds any particular plant, especially if unknown to him?

Prof. W.—You see this manuscript catalogue. It contains all the plants in the garden. In the first column is the generic, in the second the specific botanic name (so that the student soon becomes familiar with their names), and then the more common appellation. By laying the book flat open you will see that the columns of small squares correspond to dates 1837, 1838, &c., which are placed along the margin of the cover. On the plan, the small squares are all numbered. In the catalogue, the number of the square occupied by any plant in any particular year is inserted in the column of that year. As, even on this small scale, rotation of crops is observed, the same plant comes in different places at different times. This plan, simple enough when once devised, but which cost no small amount of thought, has this inestimable advantage: The student bears in the lecture a reference to a certain plant which he does not know, or a fact in regard to it which he wishes to verify. During the fifteen minutes' intermission, by the catalogue he finds it in a moment upon the plan, if it is in cultivation; if not, the catalogue shows it, and the plan sends him at once to the right spot.

Visitor.—Another advantage of this must be that the student, not being bothered with hunting up and then remaining undecided whether of half a dozen varieties he has found the right one, soon acquires the habit of verifying statements of the professors, and of examining for himself. Moreover, the professor is relieved of the necessity of entering into long descriptions of the botanic name enabling the student in a moment to find the plant.

Prof. W.—Yes, this is so. I think you cannot do better than to give pretty